A

FUNERAL

SERMON,

Preached at the

OBSEQUIES

Of the

Right Reverend Father in God,

JEREMY

Lord Biſhop of DOWN:

Who deceaſed at LYSBURNE,
Auguſt 13th. 1667.

By Dr. *GEORGE RUST*,
Dean of *CONNOR*.

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Tho. Tomkyns RR^mo in Christo Patri ac Domino *Domino Gilberto* Divinâ Providentiâ Archi-Episcopo *Cantuariensi* à sacris domesticis.

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A Funeral Sermon.

1 John 3. 2.

It doth not yet appear what we ſhall be.

GLorious things are ſpoken in Scripture concerning the future Reward of the Righteous; and all the words that are wont to ſignifie what is of greateſt Price and Value, or can repreſent the moſt enraviſhing objects of our deſires are made uſe of by the Holy Ghoſt, to recommend unto us this tranſcendent State of Bleſſedneſs: Such are theſe; *Rivers of pleaſures, A fountain of living water, A treaſure that can never be waſted, nor never taken from us; An inheritance in light, An incorruptible Crown, A Kingdom, The Kingdom of God, and the Kingdom of Chriſt; The Kingdom of Glory, A Crown of Glory and Life, and Righteouſneſs, and Immortality; The Viſion of God; Being fill'd with all the fulneſs of God, An exceeding eternal weight of Glory,* καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν αἰώνιον βάρος δόξης, Words ſtrangely emphatical, that can't be put into *Engliſh*; and if they could, they would not be

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able to convey to our minds the Notion that they design: for it is too big for any Expressions; and, after all that can be said, we must resolve with our Apostle, *It does not yet appear what we shall be.*

At this distance we cannot make any likely guesses or conjectures at the glory of that future state. Men make very imperfect descriptions of Countries or Cities, that never were there themselves, nor saw the Places with their own eyes. It is not for any mortal Creature to make a Map of that *Canaan* that lies above: It is to all us that live here on the hither-side of Death, an unknown Countrey, and an undiscover'd Land. It may be, some heavenly Pilgrim, that with his holy thoughts and ardent desires, is continually travelling thitherward, he arrives sometimes near the borders of the promis'd Land, and the Suburbs of the new *Jerusalem*, and gets upon the top of *Pisgah*, and there he has an imperfect Prospect of a brave Countrey, that lies afar way off; but he can't tell how to describe it, and all that he hath to say, to satisfie the curious Enquirer, is only this, If he would know the glories of it, he must go and see it. It was believ'd of old, that those places that lie under the Line, were burnt up by the continual heat of the Sun,

and

and were not habitable, either by man or beast: But later Discoveries tell us, that there are the most pleasant Countries that the Earth can shew; insomuch that some have plac'd Paradise it self in that Climate. Sure I am, of all the Regions of the Intellectual world, and the several Lands that are peopled, either with Men or Angels, the most pleasant Countries they lie under the Line, under the direct beams of the Sun of Righteousness, where there is an eternal Day, and an eternal Spring; where is that Tree of Life, that beareth twelve manner of Fruits, and yieldeth her Fruit every Month: Thus we may use Figures, and Metaphors, and Allegories, and tell you of fruitful meads, and spacious fields, and winding rivers, and purling brooks, and chanting birds, and shady groves, and pleasant gardens, and lovely bowers, and noble Seats, and stately Palaces, and goodly People, and excellent Laws, and sweet Societies; but this is but to frame little comparisons to please our childish fancies: and just such discourses as a blind man would make concerning Colours; so do we talk of those things we never saw, and disparage the state whilst we would recommend it. Indeed it requires some Saint or Angel from Heaven to discourse upon this Subject; and

yet that would not do neither: for though they might be able to ſpeak ſome thing of it, yet we ſhould want ears to hear it. Neither can thoſe things be declar'd but in the language of Heaven, which would be little underſtood by us, the poor inhabitants of this lower world; they are indeed things too great to be brought within the compaſs of words. Saint *Paul*, when he had been rapt up into the third Heaven, he ſaw ῥήματα ἄῤῥητα, things unlawful, or unpoſſible to be uttered; and, *Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love him*; and, *It does not yet appear what we ſhall be*, ſaid that beloved Diſciple, that lay in the boſom of our Saviour.

You will not now expect, that I ſhould give you a relation of that which cannot be uttered, nor ſo much *as conceiv'd*; or declare unto you what our Eagle-ſighted Evangeliſt tells us *does not yet appear*: But, that you may underſtand, that that which ſets this ſtate of happineſs ſo beyond the reach of all imagination, is only its tranſcendent excellency; I ſhall tell you ſomething of what does already appear of it, and may be known concerning it.

1. Firſt of all we are aſſur'd that we ſhall then be freed from all the evils and miſeries that we now

now labour under: Vanity and Misery they are two words that speak the whole of this present world; the enjoyments of it are dreams and fancies, and shadows, and appearances; and, if any thing be, it is only Evil and Misery that is real and substantial. Vanity and folly, labour and pains, cares and fears, crosses and disappointments, sickness and diseases, they make up the whole of our portion here. This life it is begun in a Cry, and it ends in a Groan; and he that lives most happily, his life is checker'd with black and white, and his dayes are not all Sun-shine, but some are cloudy and gloomy, and there is a Worm at the root of all his joy, that soon eats out the sap and heart of it; and the goard in whose shade he now so much pleases himself, by to morrow will be wither'd and gone. But Heaven is not subject to these mixtures and uncertainties; it is a Region of calmness and serenity, and the Soul is there gotten above the clouds, and is not annoyed with those storms and tempests that are here below. All tears shall then be wip'd from our eyes; and though sorrow may endure for the night of this World, yet joy will spring up in the morning of Eternity.

We are sure we shall be freed from this 2. earthly,

earthly, and cloath'd with an heavenly and glorified Body. Theſe bodies of ours they are the graves and ſepulchres, the priſons and dungeons of our Heaven-born ſouls; and though we deck and adorn them, and pride our ſelves in their beauty and comelineſs, yet, when all is done, they are but ſinks of corruption and defilement: they expoſe us to many pains and diſeaſes, and incline us to many luſts and paſſions, and the more we pamper them, the greater burden they are unto our minds; they impoſe upon our reaſons, and by their ſteams and vapours caſt a miſt before our underſtandings; they clog our affections, and like a heavie weight depreſs us unto this earth, and keep us from ſoaring aloft among the winged Inhabitants of the upper-Regions: But thoſe robes of light and glory, which we ſhall be cloath'd withall at the Reſurrection of the Juſt, and thoſe Heavenly Bodies which the Goſpel hath then aſſur'd unto us, they are not ſubject to any of theſe miſchiefs and inconveniences, but are fit and accommodate inſtruments for the ſoul in its higheſt exaltations. And this is an argument that the Goſpel does dwell much upon, *viz.* the Redemption of our bodies, that *He ſhall change our vile bodies, that they may be like unto His glorious body*; and

and we are taught to look upon it as one great price of our Reward, that we ſhall be *cloath'd upon with our houſe which is from heaven*; that *this corruptible ſhall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality*: that, *as we have born the image of the earthly, ſo we muſt bear the image of the heavenly Adam*, who was ἐξ οὐρανοῦ ἐπουράνιος *of heaven heavenly*; as *the firſt man was*, ἐκ γῆς χοϊκός, *of the earth earthy*. And therefore, I think, the Schools put too mean a Rate upon this great Promiſe of the Goſpel, The Reſurrection of our bodies; and, I believe, it might be demonſtrated from the principles of ſound Philoſophy, That this Article of our Chriſtian Faith, which the Atheiſt makes ſo much ſport withall, is ſo far from being chargeable with any abſurdity, that it is founded upon the higheſt Reaſon; for, ſeeing we find by too great an experience, that the Soul has ſo cloſe and neceſſary a dependence upon this groſs and earthly Maſs that we now carry about with us; it may be diſputed with ſome probability, whether it be ever able to act independently of all matter whatſoever: at leaſt, we are aſſur'd, that the ſtate of conjunction is moſt connatural to her; and that, Intellectual pleaſure it ſelf is not onely multiplied, but the better felt, by its redundancy upon the body and ſpirits: and

if it be so, then the purer and more defecate the Body is, the better will the Soul be appointed for the exercise of its noblest operations; and it will be no mean piece of our reward hereafter, that that which is sown σῶμα ψυχικὸν, an *animal*, shall be raised a *heavenly body*.

3. We are sure, that we shall then be free from sin, and all those fooliſh lusts and passions that we are now enslaved unto. The life of a Christian, it is a continual Warfare; and he endures many sore conflicts, and makes many sad complaints, and often bemoans himself after such a manner, as this: Wo is me, that I am forc'd to dwell in *Mesech*, and to have my habitation in the Tents of *Kedar*; that there should be so many *Goliah's* within me, that defie the hoſt of *Israel*; so many sons of *Anak* that hinder my entrance into the *Land of Promise*, and the Rest of God; that I should toil and labour among the bricks, and live in bondage unto these worse than Egyptian Task-Masters. Thus does he sit down by the Rivers of *Babylon*, and weep over those ruines and desolations that these worse than Assyrian Armies have made in the City, and House of his God. And many a time does he cry out in the bitterness of his soul, *Wretched creature that I am!*

Who

Who ſhall deliver me from this body of death? And though, through his faith, and courage, and conſtancy, he be daily getting ground of his ſpiritual enemies, yet it is but by inches, and every ſtep he takes, he muſt fight for it; and living as he does in an Enemies countrey, he is forc'd alwayes to be upon his Guard; and if he ſlumber never ſo little, preſently he is ſurpriz'd by a watchful Adverſary. This is our portion here, and our lot is this; but when we arrive unto thoſe Regions of bliſs and glory that are above, we ſhall then ſtand ſafely upon the ſhore, and ſee all our enemies, *Pharaoh* and all his hoſt, drown'd and deſtroyed in the *Red Sea*; and being delivered from the World, and the Fleſh, and the Devil, Death, and Sin, and Hell, we ſhall ſing the Song of *Moſes*, and of the *Lamb*, an Epinicion, and Song of eternal triumph unto the God of our Salvation.

We ſhall be ſure to meet with the beſt com- 4.
pany that Earth or Heaven affords: Good company it is the great pleaſure of the life of man; And we ſhall then come *to the innumerable company of Angels, and the general Aſſembly of the Church of the Firſt-born, and to the Spirits of juſt men made perfect, and to Jeſus the Mediator of the New Covenant.* The Oracle tells *Amelius*, enquiring what was become of

Polinus's ſoul, that he was gone to *Pythagoras*, and *Socrates*, and *Plato*, and as many as had born a part in the Quire of heavenly love. And I may ſay to every good man, that he ſhall go to the Company of *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob*; *Moſes*, *David*, and *Samuel*; all the Prophets and Apoſtles, and all the holy men of God that have been in all the ages of the World. All thoſe brave and excellent perſons that have been ſcattered at the greateſt diſtance of time and place, and in their ſeveral generations have been the ſalt of the earth to preſerve mankind from utter degeneracy and corruption; Theſe ſhall be all gathered together, and meet in one Conſtellation in that Firmament of Glory. *O Præclarum diem, cùm ad illud divinorum animorum concilium, cœtumque proficiſcar, atque ex hac turba ac colluvione diſcedam!* *O that bleſſed day, when we ſhall make our eſcape from this medly and confuſed riot, and ſhall arrive to that great Council and general Randevouz of divine and godlike Spirits!* But, which is more than all, we ſhall then meet our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the Head of our Recovery, whoſe ſtory is now ſo delightful unto us, as reporting nothing of him, but the greateſt ſweetneſs and innocence, and meekneſs and patience, and mercy and tender-

neſs,

neſs, and benignity and goodneſs, and what ever can render any perſon lovely or amiable; and who out of his dear love and deep compaſſion unto mankind, gave up himſelf unto the death for us men, and for our ſalvation. And if St. *Auguſtine* made it one of his wiſhes, to have ſeen Jeſus Chriſt in the fleſh; how much more deſirable is it, to ſee him out of his terreſtrial weeds, in his robes of Glory, with all his redeemed Ones about him! And this I cannot but look upon, as a great advantage and priviledge of that future State; for I am not apt to ſwallow down that Conceit of the Schools, that we ſhall ſpend Eternity in gazing upon the naked Deity; for certainly the happineſs of man conſiſts in having all his faculties, in their due ſubordinations, gratified with their proper objects; and I cannot but believe, a great part of Heaven to be the bleſt Society that is there; Their enraviſhing beauty, that is to ſay, their inward life and perfection, flowing forth and raying it ſelf thorow their glorified bodies; The rare diſcourſes wherewith they entertain one another; The pure and chaſt and ſpotleſs, and yet moſt ardent Love, wherewith they embrace each other; The ecſtatick Devotions wherein they joyn together: And certainly every pious and devout ſoul will readily

readily acknowledg with me, that it muſt needs be matter of unſpeakable pleaſure, to be taken into the Quire of Angels and Seraphims, and the glorious Company of the Apoſtles, and the goodly Fellowſhip of the Prophets, and the noble Army of Martyrs; and to joyn with them in ſinging Praiſes, and Hallelu-jahs, and Songs of joy, and Triumph unto our great Creator and Redeemer, The Father of Spirits, and the Lover of Souls, unto Him that ſits upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

5. We are ſure we ſhall then have all our capacities fill'd, and all our deſires anſwered. *They hunger no more, neither thirſt any more; for the Lamb which is in the midſt of the Throne, ſhall feed them, and ſhall lead them unto living fountains of waters.* What vaſt degrees of perfection and happineſs the nature of man is capable of, we may beſt underſtand, by viewing it in the perſon of Chriſt, taken into the neareſt union with Divinity, and made God's Vice-gerent in the World, and the Head and Governour of the whole Creation. In this our narrow and contracted ſtate we are apt to think too meanly of our ſelves; and do not underſtand the dignity of our own natures, what we were made for, and what we are capable of: but, as *Plotinus* ſomewhere obſerves,

We

We are like Children, from our birth brought up in ignorance of, and at a great diſtance from, our Parents and Relations; and have forgot the Nobleneſs of our Extraction, and rank our ſelves and our fortunes among the Lot of Beggers, and mean and ordinary perſons; though we are the off-ſpring of a great Prince, and were born to a Kingdom. It does indeed become creatures to think modeſtly of themſelves; yet, if we conſider it aright, it will be found very hard, to ſet any bounds or limits to our own happineſs, and ſay, Hitherto it ſhall ariſe, and no further. For that wherein the happineſs of Man conſiſts, *viz.* Truth and Goodneſs, the Communication of the Divine Nature, and the Illapſes of Divine Love, it does not cloy, or glut, or ſatiate; but every participation of them does widen and enlarge our Souls, and fits us for further and further Receptions; the more we have, the more we are capable of; the more we are ſill'd, the more room is made in our Spirits; and thus it is ſtill and ſtill, even till we arrive unto ſuch degrees as we can aſſign no meaſures unto.

We ſhall then be made like unto God 6.
Ἡ σωτηρία οὐχ' ἑτέρως γίνεται εἰμὴ θεουμένων τῶν σωζομένων; ſaid the *Areopagite*, Salvation can no otherwaies be accompliſh'd

accompliſh'd, but by becoming God-like; It *does not yet appear what we ſhall be*, but *when he ſhall appear we ſhall be like him*, ſayes our Evangeliſt; for *we ſhall ſee him as he is*. There is no *ſeeing God as he is*, but *by becoming like unto him*; nor is there any enjoying of him, but by being transform'd into his Image and Similitude. Men uſually have very ſtrange Notions concerning God, and the enjoyment of him; or rather, theſe are words, to which there is no correſpondent conception in their minds: but if we would underſtand God aright, we muſt look upon him as Infinite Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Love, Goodneſs, and whatever ſpeaks any thing of Beauty and Perfection; and if we pretend to worſhip him, it muſt be by loving and adoring his tranſcendent Excellencies; and if we hope to enjoy him, it muſt be by conformity unto him, and participation of his Nature. The frame and conſtitution of things is ſuch, that it is impoſſible that Man ſhould arrive to Happineſs any other way. And if the Soveraignty of God ſhould diſpenſe with our obedience, the nature of the thing would not permit us to be happy without it: If we live only the Animal Life, we may indeed be happy, as Beaſts are happy; but the Happineſs that belongs to a Rational

Rational and intellectual Being, can never be attain'd but in a way of holineſs and conformity unto the Divine Will: for, ſuch a temper and diſpoſition of mind is neceſſary unto Happineſs, not by vertue of any arbitrarious conſtitution of Heaven; but, the eternal Laws of Righteouſneſs, and immutable reſpects of things, do require and exact it: Yea, I may truly ſay, That God and Chriſt without us cannot make us happy: for we are not conſcious to our ſelves of any thing, but only the operations of our own minds; & 'tis not the perſon of God and Chriſt, but their Life and Nature, wherein conſiſts our formal happineſs: For, What is the happineſs of God himſelf, but only that pleaſure and ſatisfaction that reſults from a ſenſe of his Infinite perfections? And how is it poſſible for a creature to be more happy, than by partaking of that, in its meaſure and proportion, which is the happineſs of God himſelf.

The Soul being thus prepar'd, ſhall live in the preſence of God, and lie under the influences and illapſes of Divine love and goodneſs; *Father I will that they whom thou haſt given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.* They that fight manfully under the Banners of Heaven, and overcome their ſpiritual Enemies, *They ſhall eat of the hidden*

Manna, and become Pillars in the Temple of God, and ſhall go no more out: They ſhall ſtand before the Throne of God continually, and ſerve him Day and Night in his Temple, and he that ſitteth on the Throne ſhall dwell amongſt them; God ſhall put under them his everlaſting Arms, and carry them in his boſom, and they ſhall ſuck the full Breaſts of eternal goodneſs: For now there is nothing can hinder the moſt near and intimate conjunction of the Soul with God; for, things that are alike, do eaſily mingle with one another: but the mixture that is betwixt Bodies, be they never ſo homogeneal, comes but to an external touch; for their parts can never run up into one another. But there is no ſuch ἀντυπία, or reſiſtance, amongſt ſpiritual Beings; and we are eſtranged from God (οὐ τόπῳ, ἀλλ' ἐπιτόμῃ καὶ διαφορᾷ) not by diſtance of place, but by difference and diverſity of Nature; and when that is remov'd, He becomes preſent to us, and we to Him: ὥστε ἐφαρμόσαι καὶ οἷον ἁφάψασθαι καὶ δίχην αὐτὸν ὁμοιότητι &c. like the *Magnitudines congruæ* in Mathematicks, *Quando prima primis, media mediis, extrema extremis, partes denique partibus uſque-quaque reſpondent*, each of whoſe parts do exactly anſwer one to the other. This therefore is the Soul's progreſs from that ſtate of

purgation,

purgation to *illumination*, and ſo to *Union*. There are ſeveral faculties in the Soul of Man, that are conformed to ſeveral kinds of objects; and, according to that Life a Man is awaked into, ſo theſe faculties do exert themſelves; and though whilſt we live barely an Animal Life, we converſe with little more than this outward World, and the objects of our Senſes; yet there are Faculties within us that are receptive of God, and when we arrive once unto a due meaſure of purity of Spirit, the Rayes of Heavenly Light will as certainly ſhine into our minds, as the beams of the Sun, when it ariſes above the Horizon, do illuminate the clear and pellucid air: And from this ſight and illumination, the Soul proceeds to an intimate union with God, and to a *taſt* and *touch* of him. This is that ἥσυχος πρὸς ἐκεῖνον ἐπαφὴ, that *ſilent touch* with God that fills the Soul with unexpreſſible joy and triumph: For, if the objects of this outward world that ſtrike upon our ſenſes do ſo hugely pleaſe and delight us; What infinite pleaſure then muſt there needs be in thoſe touches and Impreſſes, that the Divine Love and goodneſs ſhall make upon our Souls? But theſe are things that we may talk of, as we would do of a ſixth Senſe, or ſomething we have no diſtinct Notion or Idea of, but the per-

fect underſtanding of them belongs only to the future ſtate of *Comprehenſion.*

Laſtly, we ſhall have our Knowledge, and our Love, which are the moſt perfect and beatifying Acts of our Minds, employed about their nobleſt objects in their moſt exalted Meaſures; For a Man to reſolve himſelf in ſome knotty Queſtion, or anſwer ſome ſtubborn Argument, or find out ſome noble Concluſion, or ſolve ſome hard Probleme, what ineffable pleaſure does it create many times to a contemplative mind? We know, who ſacrific'd a Hecatomb for one Mathematical Demonſtration; and another that upon the like occaſion cry'd out, ἡυρηκα, ἡυρηκα, in a kind of Rapture: To have the ſecrets of Nature diſclos'd, and the myſteries of Art reveal'd; but above all, the Riddles of Providence unfolded, are ſuch Jewels as I know many ſearching and inquiſitive Spirits would be willing to purchaſe at any Rate; when we come to Heaven (I will not ſay, We ſhall ſee all things, in the mirror of Divinity, for that it may be is an Extravagancy of the Schools; nor, that any one true Propoſition through the concatenation of Truth, will then multiply it ſelf into the explicit knowledge of all Concluſions whatſoever, for I believe that a Fancy too, but) our Knowledge ſhall be ſtrangely

ſtrangely enlarg'd, and, for ought I can determine, be for ever receiving new Additions, and freſh Accruements; The Clew of Divine Providence will then be unravell'd, and all thoſe Difficulties which now perplex us, will be eaſily aſſoyl'd, and we ſhall then perceive that the Wiſdom and Goodneſs of God, is a vaſt and comprehenſive Thing, and moves in a far larger Sphear than we are aware of in this ſtate of narrowneſs and imperfection: But there is ſomething greater and beyond all this; and S. *John* has a ſtrange Expreſſion, That we ſhall then ſee God even as he is; And God, we know, is the well-ſpring of Perfection and Happineſs, the Fountain and Original of all Beauty; he is infinitely glorious, and lovely, & excellent; and if we ſee him as he is, all this Glory muſt deſcend into us and become ours: for we can no otherwaies ſee God (as I ſaid before) but by becoming Deiform, by being changed into the ſame Glory. But Love, that is it, which makes us moſt happy, and by that we are moſt intimately conjoyn'd unto God, *For he that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him*: And how pleaſant beyond all imagination muſt it needs be, to have the Soul melted into a flame of Love, and that Fire fed and nouriſh'd by the enjoyment of it's Beloved; To be

tranſported into Ecſtaſies, and Raptures of Love; to be ſwallowed up in the embraces of eternal ſweetneſs; to be loſt in the Sourſe and Fountain of Happineſs and Bliſs, like a ſpark in the Fire, or a beam in the Sun, or drop in the Ocean.

It may be you will tell me, I have been all this while confuting my Text, and giving you a Relation of that which S. *John* tells us, *does not yet appear what it is*; But my deſign has been the ſame with the Holy Evangeliſt's; and that is, to repreſent unto you, how tranſcendently great, that State of Happineſs muſt needs be; when as, by what we are able to apprehend of it, it is infinitely the object of our deſires, and yet we are aſſur'd by thoſe that are beſt able to tell, That the beſt and greateſt part of the Countrey is yet undiſcover'd, and that we cannot ſo much as gueſs at the pleaſure of it, till we come to enjoy it: And indeed it is impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe; for Happineſs being a matter of Senſe, all the words in the World cannot convey the Notion of it unto our Minds, and it is only to be underſtood by them that feel it; μὴ κατ' ἐπιστήμην ἢ σύνεσις ἐκείνῃ, μηδὲ κατὰ νόησιν, ὥσπερ τὰ ἄλλα ρητά, ἀλλὰ κατὰ παρουσίαν ἐπιστήμης κρείττονα.

But though it does not yet appear what we ſhall be; yet ſo much already appears of it, that

that it cannot but ſeem the moſt worthy object of our endeavours and deſires; and by ſome few Cluſters that have been ſhewn us of this good Land, we may gueſs what pleaſant and delightful Fruit it bears: And if we have but any reverence of our ſelves, and will but conſider the dignity of our Natures, and the vaſtneſs of that Happineſs we are capable of; methinks we ſhould be alwayes travelling towards that Heavenly Countrey, though our way lies through a Wilderneſs, and be ſtriving for this great Prize and immortal Crown, and be clearing our eyes, and purging our ſight, that we may come to this Viſion of God; ſhaking off all fond paſſions, and dirty deſires, and breathing forth our Souls in ſuch aſpirations as theſe:

My Soul thirſteth for thee, O Lord, in a dry and barren Land, where no Water is; O that thou wouldſt diſtill, and drop down the Dew of thy Heavenly Grace into all it's ſecret Chinks and Pores; One thing have I deſired of the Lord, that will I ſeek after, That I may dwell in the Houſe of the Lord all the dayes of my Life, and behold his Glory, for a day in thy Courts is better than a thouſand, and I had rather be a Door-keeper in the Houſe of the Lord, than dwell in the

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Tents of wickedneſs. All the Kings of the Earth, they are thy Tributaries; the Kings of *Tarſhiſh*, and of the Iſles, bring Preſents unto thee; the Kings of *Sheba* and *Seba* offer Gifts! O that we could but pay thee, that which is ſo due unto thee, the tribute of our Hearts! The Heathen are come into thine Inheritance; thy holy Temple have they defi'ld: Help us, O God of our Salvation, and deliver us, and purge away our ſins from us, for thy Name's ſake! O that the Lord whom we ſeek, would come to his own Houſe, and give Peace there, and fill it with his Glory! Come and cleanſe thine own Temple, for we have made it a Den of Thieves, which ſhould have been a Houſe of Prayer! O that we might never give ſleep to our eys, nor ſlumber to our eye-lids, till we have prepar'd a Houſe for the Lord, and a Tabernacle for the God of *Jacob!* The Curſe of *Cain* it is fallen upon us, and we are as Vagabonds in the Earth; and wander from one Creature to another! O that our Souls might come at laſt to dwell in God, our fixed and eternal Habitation! We, like ſilly Doves, fly up and down the Earth, but can find no reſt for the ſole of our feet; O that after all our wearineſs and our wandrings, we might return into

into the Ark, and that God would put forth his hand and take us & pull us in unto Himself! We have too long lived upon Vanity and Emptineſs, the wind and the whirle-wind; O that we may now begin to feed upon Subſtance, and delight our ſelves in Marrow and Fatneſs! O that God would ſtrike our rocky Hearts, that there might ſpring up a Fountain in the Wilderneſs, and Pools in the Deſart; that we might drink of that Water, whereof whoſoever drinks, ſhall never thirſt more; that God would give us that Portion of Goods that falleth to us, not to waſte it with riotous living, but therewith to feed our languiſhing Souls, leſt they be weary and faint by the way! We ask not the Childrens Bread, but the Crums that fall from thy Table; that our Baskets may be fill'd with thy Fragments, for they will be better than Wine, and ſweeter than the Hony, and the Hony-Comb, and more pleaſant to us than a Feaſt of fat things! We have wandred too long in a barren, and howling Deſart, where wild Beaſts, and doleful Creatures, Owls and Bats, Satyrs and Dragons, keep their haunts; O that we might be fed in green Paſtures, and led by the ſtill Waters, that the Winter might be paſt, and the Rain over and gone,

that the Flowers may appear on the Earth, and the time of the ſinging of Birds may come, and the Voice of the Turtle may be heard in our Land! We have lived too long in *Sodom*, which is the place that God at laſt will deſtroy: O that we might ariſe and be gone; and while we are lingring, that the Angels of God would lay hold upon our hands, and be merciful unto us, and bring us forth, and ſet us without the City; and that we may never look back any more, but may eſcape unto the Mountain, and dwell ſafe in the Rock of Ages! Wiſdom hath killed her Beaſts, ſhe hath mingled her Wine, and furniſh'd her Table; O that we might eat of her Meat, and drink of the Wine which ſhe hath mingled! God knocks at the doors of our Hearts; O let us open unto him, thoſe everlaſting Gates, that he may Sup with us, and we with him; for he will bring his Chear along with him, and will feaſt us with Manna, and Angels food! O that the Sun of Righteouſneſs might ariſe and melt the Icineſs of our Hearts! That God would ſend forth his Spirit, and with his warmth and heat, diſſolve our frozen Souls! That God would breathe into our minds, thoſe ſtill and gentle Gales of Divine Inſpirations, that may

may blow up, and increaſe in us the flames of heavenly Love! That we may be a whole burnt Offering, and all the ſubſtance of our Souls be conſum'd by fire from Heaven, and aſcend up in Clouds of Incenſe! That as ſo many ſparks we might be always mounting upward, till we return again into our proper Elements! That like ſo many particular Rivulets, we may be continually making toward the Sea, and never reſt till we loſe our ſelves in that Ocean of Goodneſs, from whence we firſt came! That we may open our Mouths wide, that God may ſatisfie them! That we may ſo perfectly diſcharge our ſelves of all ſtrange Deſires and Paſſions, that our Souls may be nothing elſe but a deep Emptineſs, and vaſt Capacity to be fill'd with all the fulneſs of God! Let but theſe be the breathings of our Spirits, and this Divine Magnetiſm will moſt certainly draw down God into our Souls, and we ſhall have ſome Prælibations of that Happineſs; ſome ſmall glimpſes, and little diſcoveries whereof, is all that belongs to this ſtate of Mortality.

I Have as yet done but the half of my Task: and I have another Text yet to preach upon, and a very large and copious one, The great Perſon, whoſe Obſequies we here come to celebrate: His fame is ſo great throughout the World, that he ſtands in no need of an Encomium; and yet his worth is much greater than his fame; It is impoſſible not to ſpeak great things of him, and yet it is impoſſible to ſpeak what he deſerves; and the meanneſs of an Oration, will but ſully the brightneſs of his Excellencies: But Cuſtom requires that ſomething ſhould be ſaid, and it is a duty and a debt that we owe unto his Memory: and I hope his great Soul, if it hath any knowledge of what is done here below, will not be offended at the ſmallneſs of our Offering.

He was born at *Cambridge*, and brought up in the Free-School there, and was ripe for the Univerſity, afore Cuſtom would allow of his admittance; but by that time he was Thirteen years old, he was entred into *Caius*-Colledg; and as ſoon as he was Graduate, he was choſen Fellow. Had he lived amongſt the ancient Pagans, he had been uſher'd into the world with a Miracle, and Swans muſt have

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daunc'd and ſung at his birth; and he muſt have been a great *Hero*, and no leſs than the Son of *Apollo*, the God of Wiſdome and Eloquence.

He was a Man long afore he was of Age; and knew little more of the ſtate of child-hood, than its Innocency and Pleaſantneſs. From the Univerſity, by that time he was Maſter of Arts, he removed to *London*, and became publick Lecturer in the Church of St. *Pauls*; where he preach'd to the admiration and aſtoniſhment of his Auditory; and by his florid and youthful beauty, and ſweet and pleaſant air, and ſublime and rais'd diſcourſes, he made his hearers take him for ſome young Angel, newly deſcended from the Viſions of Glory; The fame of this new Star, that outſhone all the reſt of the Firmament, quickly came to the notice of the great Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*, who would needs have him preach before him; which he perform'd not leſs to his wonder than ſatisfaction; His diſcourſe was beyond exception, and beyond imitation: yet the wiſe Prelate thought him too young; but the great Youth humbly begg'd his Grace *to pardon that fault*, and promis'd, *If he liv'd, he would mend it*. However the grand Patron of Learning and Inge-

Ingenuity, thought it for the advantage of the World, that ſuch mighty Parts ſhould be afforded better opportunities of ſtudy and improvement, than a courſe of conſtant preaching would allow of; and to that purpoſe he plac'd him in his own Colledge of *All-Souls* in *Oxford*; where love and admiration ſtill waited upon him: which ſo long as there is any ſpark of ingenuity in the breaſts of men, muſt needs be the inſeparable Attendants of ſo extraordinary a worth and ſweetneſs. He had not been long here, afore my Lord of *Canterbury* beſtowed upon him the Rectory of *Uphingham* in *Rutland-ſhire*, and ſoon after preferr'd him to be Chaplain to King *Charles* the Martyr of bleſſed and immortal memory. Thus were preferments heaped upon him, but ſtill leſs than his deſerts; and that not through the fault of his great Maſters, but becauſe the ampleſt honours and rewards were poor and inconſiderable, compar'd with the greatneſs of his Worth and Merit.

This Great Man had no ſooner launch'd into the World, but a fearful Tempeſt aroſe, and a barbarous and unnatural War, diſturb'd a long and uninterrupted Peace and Tranquillity; and brought all things into diſorder and con-

confuſion; but his Religion taught him to be Loyal, and engag'd him on his *Prince*'s ſide, whoſe Cauſe and Quarrel he alwayes own'd and maintain'd with a great courage and conſtancy; till at laſt, he and his little fortune were ſhipwrackt in that great *Hurricane*, that overturn'd both Church and State: This fatal Storm caſt him aſhore in a private corner of the World, and a tender Providence ſhrowded him under her Wings, and the Prophet was fed in the Wilderneſs; and his great worthineſs procur'd him friends, that ſupply'd him with bread and neceſſaries. In this Solitude he began to write thoſe excellent Diſcourſes, which are enough of themſelves to furniſh a Library, and will be famous to all ſucceeding Generations, for their greatneſs of wit, and profoundneſs of judgement, and richneſs of fancy, and clearneſs of expreſſion, and copiouſneſs of invention, and general uſefulneſs to all the purpoſes of a Chriſtian. And by theſe he ſoon got a great reputation among all perſons of judgement and indifferency, and his Name will grow greater ſtill, as the World grows better and wiſer.

When he had ſpent ſome years in this retirement, it pleas'd God to viſit his Family with

with ſickneſs, and to take to himſelf the dear Pledges of his favour, three Sons of great hopes and expectations, within the ſpace of two or three Moneths: And though he had learned a quiet ſubmiſſion unto the Divine Will; yet the affliction touch'd him ſo ſenſibly, that it made him deſirous to leave the Countrey; And going to *London*, he there met my Lord *Conway*, a Perſon of great Honour and Generoſity; who making him a kind Proffer, the good man embrac'd it, and that brought him over into *Ireland*, and ſetled him at *Portmore*, a place made for ſtudy and contemplation, which he therefore dearly lov'd; and here he wrote his *Caſes of Conſciences*: A Book that is able alone to give its Author Immortality.

By this time the wheel of Providence brought about the Kings happy Reſtauration, and there began a new World, and the Spirit of God mov'd upon the face of the Waters, and out of a confuſed *Chaos* brought forth Beauty and Order, and all the Three Nations were inſpir'd with a new life, and became drunk with an exceſs of Joy: among the reſt, this Loyal Subject went over to congratulate the Prince

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and People's happineſs, and bear a part in the Univerſal Triumph.

It was not long ere his Sacred Majeſty began the ſettlement of the Church, and the great Doctor *Jeremy Taylor* was reſolv'd upon, for the Biſhoprick of *Down* and *Conor*; and not long after, *Dromore* was added to it; and it was but reaſonable that the King and Church ſhould conſider their Champion, and reward the pains and ſufferings he under-went in the defence of their Cauſe and Honour. With what care and faithfulneſs he diſcharg'd his Office, we are all his witneſſes; what good Rules and Directions he gave his Clergy, and how he taught us the practice of them by his own example. Upon his coming over Biſhop, he was made a Privy-Councellor, and the Univerſity of *Dublin* gave him their Teſtimony, by recommending him for their Vice-Chancellor; Which honourable Office he kept to his dying day.

During his being in this See, he wrote ſeveral excellent Diſcourſes, particularly his *Diſſwaſive from Popery* (which was receiv'd by a general approbation) and a *Vindication* of it (now in the Preſs) from ſome impertinent Cavillers, that pretend to anſwer Books,

when there is nothing towards it, more than the very *Title-Page*. This great Prelate improv'd his Talent with a mighty induſtry, and mannag'd his Steward-ſhip rarely well; and his Maſter, when he call'd for his Accounts, found him buſie and at his work; and employed upon an excellent Subject, *A Diſcourſe upon the Beatitudes*; which, if finiſht, would have been of great Uſe to the World, and ſolv'd moſt of the Caſes of Conſcience that occurr to a Chriſtian, in all the varieties of ſtates and conditions. But the All-wiſe God hath ordain'd it otherwiſe, and hath call'd home his good Servant, to give him a portion in that Bleſſedneſs that Jeſus Chriſt hath promiſed to all his faithful Diſciples and Followers.

Thus having given you a brief Account of his Life, I know you will now expect a character of his Perſon; but I fore-ſee, it will befall him, as it does all Glorious Subjects, that are but diſparag'd by a commendation; One thing I am ſecure of, that I ſhall not be thought to ſpeak *Hyperbolies*; for the Subject can hardly be reach'd, by any expreſſions; For he was none of Gods ordinary works, but his Endowments were ſo many, and ſo great, as really made him a Miracle.

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Nature had befriended him much in his Conſtitution; for he was a perſon of a moſt ſweet and obliging Humour, of great Candour and Ingenuity, and there was ſo much of Salt and fineneſs of Wit, and pretineſs of Addreſs in his familiar Diſcourſes, as made his Converſation have all the pleaſantneſs of a Comedy, and all the uſefulneſs of a Sermon; His Soul was made up of Harmony, and he never ſpake, but he charm'd his Hearer, not only with the clearneſs of his Reaſon; but all his Words, and his very Tone, and Cadencies were ſtrangely Muſical.

But, That which did moſt of all captivate and enraviſh, was, The gaiety and richneſs of his Fancy: for he had much in him of that natural Enthuſiaſm that inſpires all great Poets and Orators; and there was a generous ferment in his Bloud and Spirits, that ſet his Fancy bravely awork, and made it ſwell, and teem, and become pregnant to ſuch degrees of Luxuriancy, as nothing but the greatneſs of his Wit and Judgment, could have kept it within due bounds and meaſures.

And indeed it was a rare Mixture, and a ſingle Inſtance, hardly to be found in an Age; for the great Tryer of Wits has told us, That there is a peculiar and ſeveral *Com-*

plexion requir'd for *Wit*, and *Judgment*, and *Fancy*; and yet you might have found all theſe, in this great Perſonage, in their Eminency and Perfection. But that which made his Wit and Judgment ſo conſiderable, was the largeneſs and freedom of his Spirit, for truth is plain and eaſie to a mind diſ-intangled from Superſtition and Prejudice; He was one of the Ἐκλεκτικοὶ a ſort of brave Philoſophers that *Laërtius* ſpeaks of, that did not addict themſelves to any particular Sect, but ingenuouſly ſought for Truth among all the wrangling Schools; and they found her miſerably torn and rent to pieces, and parcell'd into Raggs, by the ſeveral contending Parties, and ſo disfigur'd and miſhapen, that it was hard to know her; but they made a ſhift to gather up her ſcatter'd Limbs, which as ſoon as they came together by a ſtrange ſympathy and connaturalneſs, preſently united into a lovely and beautiful body. This was the Spirit of this Great Man; he weighed Mens Reaſons, and not their Names, and was not ſcar'd with the ugly Vizars men uſually put upon Perſons they hate, and Opinions they diſlike; nor affrighted with the Anathema's and Execrations of an infallible Chair, which

which he look'd upon only as Bug-bears to terrifie weak, and childiſh minds. He conſider'd that it is not likely any one Party ſhould wholly engroſs Truth to themſelves; that Obedience is the only way to true Knowledge; (which is an Argument that he has manag'd rarely well, in that excellent Sermon of his, which he calls, *Via Intelligentiæ*,) that God always, and only teaches docible and ingenuous minds, that are willing to hear, and ready to obey according to their Light; that it is impoſſible, a pure, humble, reſigned, God-like Soul, ſhould be kept out of Heaven, whatever miſtakes it might be ſubject to in this ſtate of Mortality; that the deſign of Heaven is not to fill mens heads, and feed their Curioſities, but to better their Hearts, and mend their Lives. Such Conſiderations as theſe, made him impartial in his Diſquiſitions, and give a due allowance to the Reaſons of his Adverſary, and contend for Truth, and not for Victory.

And now you will eaſily believe that an ordinary Diligence would be able to make great Improvements upon ſuch a ſtock of Parts and Endowments; but to theſe advantages of Nature, and excellency of his

Spirit, he added an indefatigable Induſtry, and God gave a plentiful Benediction; for, there were very few Kinds of Learning, but he was a *Myſtes*, and great Maſter in them: He was a rare Humaniſt, and hugely vers'd in all the polite parts of Learning; and had throughly concocted all the ancient Moraliſts, *Greek* and *Roman*, Poets and Orators; and was not unacquainted with the refined VVits of the later Ages, whether *French*, or *Italian*. But he had not only the Accompliſhments of a Gentleman, but ſo univerſal were his Parts, that they were proportion'd to every thing; and though his Spirit and Humour were made up of Smoothneſs and Gentleneſs, yet he could bear with the Harſhneſs and Roughneſs of the Schools; and was not unſeen in their Subtilties and Spinoſities, and upon occaſion, could make them ſerve his purpoſe; and yet, I believe, he thought many of them very near akin to the famous Knight of the *Mancha*, and would make ſport ſometimes with the Romantick Sophiſtry and phantaſtick Adventures of School-Errantry. His Skill was great, both in the Civil and Canon Law, and Caſuiſtical Divinity; and he was a rare Conductor of Souls, and knew how

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to Counſel, and to Adviſe; to ſolve Difficulties, and determine Caſes, and quiet Conſciences. And he was no Novice in Mr. *I. S.* new Science of *Controverſie*; but could manage an Argument, and make Reparties with a ſtrange dexterity; He underſtood what the ſeveral Parties in Chriſtendom have to ſay for themſelves, and could plead their Cauſe to better advantage than any Advocate of their Tribe: and when he had done, he could confute them too; and ſhew, that better Arguments than ever they could produce for themſelves, would afford no ſufficient ground for their fond Opinions.

It would be too great a Task to purſue his Accompliſhments through the various Kinds of Literature: I ſhall content my ſelf to add only his great Acquaintance with the Fathers and Eccleſiaſtical Writers, and the Doctors of the firſt and pureſt Ages both of the Greek and Latine Church; which he has made uſe of againſt the Romaniſts, to vindicate the *Church* of *England* from the Challenge of Innovation, and prove her to be truly Ancient, Catholick, and Apoſtolical.

But Religion and Vertue is the Crown of all other Accompliſhments; and it was the Glory of this great Man, to be thought a Chriſtian,

Chriſtian, and whatever you added to it, he look'd upon as a term of diminution; and yet he was a Zealous Son of the Church of *England*; but that was becauſe he judg'd her (and with great reaſon) a Church the moſt purely Chriſtian of any in the World. In his younger years he met with ſome aſſaults from Popery, and the high pretenſions of their Religious Orders were very accommodate to his Devotional Temper; but he was alwayes ſo much Maſter of himſelf, that he would never be governed by any thing but Reaſon, and the evidence of Truth, which engag'd him in the ſtudy of thoſe Controverſies; and to how good purpoſe, the World is by this time a ſufficient Witneſs: But the longer, and the more he conſider'd, the worſe he lik'd the Roman Cauſe, and became at laſt to cenſure them with ſome ſeverity; but I confeſs I have ſo great an opinion of his Judgment, and the charitableneſs of his Spirit, that I am afraid he did not think worſe of them than they deſerve.

But Religion is not a matter of Theory and Orthodox Notions, and it is not enough to believe aright, but we muſt practiſe accordingly; and to maſter our paſſions, and to make a right uſe of that αὐτέξουσιον and

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power that God has given us over our own actions, is a greater glory than all other Accompliſhments that can adorn the mind of Man; and therefore I ſhall cloſe my Character of this Great Perſonage with a touch upon ſome of thoſe Vertues, for which his Memory will be pretious to all *Poſterity*. He was a *Perſon* of great Humility; and notwithſtanding his ſtupendious *Parts*, and Learning, and Eminency of *Place*, he had nothing in him of Pride and Humour, but was Courteous and Affable, and of eaſie Acceſs, and would lend a ready Ear to the complaints, yea to the impertinencies of the meaneſt perſons. His Humility was coupled with an Extraordinary *Piety*; and, I believe, he ſpent the greateſt part of his time in Heaven; his ſolemn hours of *Prayer* took up a conſiderable portion of his Life; and we are not to doubt, but he had learn'd of St. *Paul* to pray continually; and that occaſional Ejaculations, and frequent Aſpirations and Emigrations of his *Soul* after God, made up the beſt part of his Devotions. But he was not onely a *Good Man* God-ward, but he was come to the top of St. *Peter*'s gradation, and to all his other Vertues added a large and diffuſive Charity: And, who-

ever compares his plentiful Incomes, with the inconſiderable Eſtate he left at his Death, will be eaſily convinc'd that Charity was Steward for a great proportion of his Revenue. But the Hungry that he fed, and the Naked that he cloath'd, and the Diſtreſs'd that he ſupply'd, and the Fatherleſs that he provided for; the poor Children that he put to Apprentice, and brought up at School, and maintain'd at the Univerſity, will now ſound a Trumpet to that Charity which he diſperſed with his right hand, but would not ſuffer his left hand to have any knowledg of it.

To ſum up all in a few words; This Great Prelate he had the good Humour of a Gentleman, the Eloquence of an Orator, the Fancy of a *Poet*, the Acuteneſs of a *School-Man*, the *Profoundneſs* of a *Philoſopher*, the Wiſdom of a Counſellor, the *Sagacity* of a *Prophet*, the Reaſon of an Angel, and the *Piety* of a *Saint*: He had Devotion enough for a Cloyſter, Learning enough for an Univerſity, and Wit enough for a Colledge of *Virtuoſi*; and, had his *Parts* and *Endowments* been parcell'd out among his poor *Clergy* that he left behind him, it would perhaps have made one of the beſt Dioceſe in the World. But alas! *Our Father, our Father!*

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the Horſes of our Iſrael, and the Chariot thereof; he is gone, and has carried his Mantle and his Spirit along with him up to Heaven; and the Sons of the Prophets have loſt all their beauty and luſtre which they enjoy'd only from the reflexion of his Excellencies, which were bright and radiant enough to caſt a glory upon a whole Order of Men. But the Sun of this our world after many attempts to break through the Cruſt of an earthly Body, is at laſt ſwallow'd up in the great *Vortex* of Eternity, and there all his *Maculæ* are ſcatter'd and diſſolv'd, and he is fixt in an Orb of Glory, and ſhines among his Brethren-ſtars, that in their ſeveral Ages gave light to the World, and turn'd many Souls unto Righteouſneſs; and we that are left behind, though we can never reach his perfections, muſt ſtudy to imitate his Vertues, that we may at laſt come to ſit at his feet in the Manſions of Glory; which God grant for his infinite mercies in Jeſus Chriſt: To whom, with the Father, through the Eternal Spirit, be aſcribed all Honour and Glory, Worſhip and Thankſ-giving, Love and Obedienee, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

F I N I S.

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